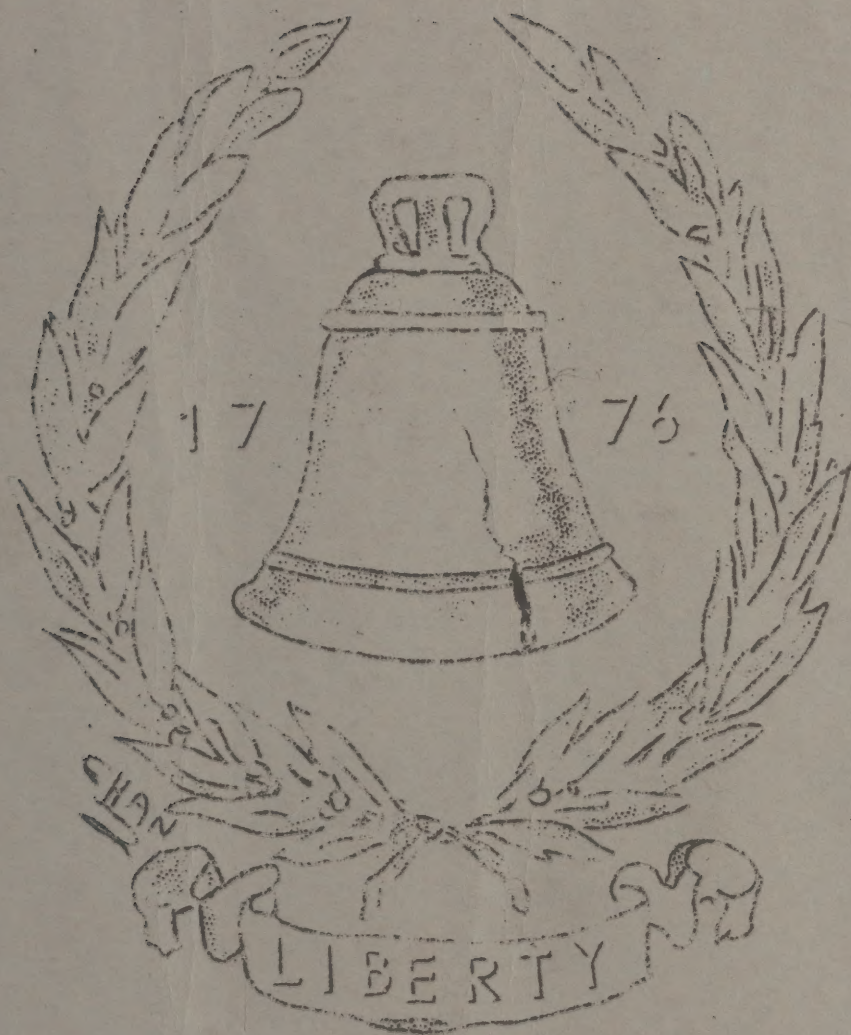


TILTON TALK

vol 4, no 12

july 4, 1944



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TILTON TALK

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TOMORROW The World

Once again the day has rolled around when we celebrate the anniversary of our nation's independence, the Fourth of July. One hundred and sixty-eight years ago this week the founding fathers met in Philadelphia to proclaim officially the independence of this new nation in this new world.

Strange, isn't it, when we recall that our liberation from the British came about through the aid of Lafayette and his gallant Frenchmen. Today, many generations later, we are allied with our British cousins to drive the invaders from the soil of France. War and politics make strange bedfellows.

When General Washington and his colleagues formed the federation of states, it included a polyglot collection of humans who, in many cases, were at opposite poles in political, social, economic and religious thought. Even physically they were separated by great distances. It took as long to get from New York to Philadelphia as it does to fly from New York to Moscow today. And yet those states found a common meeting ground. They were brought together into a nation that gained strength and stature from consolidation. The cancer of oppression had been removed on the field of battle, and the land waxed rich and happy. American art flourished, American science and ingenuity blazed a path for the world.

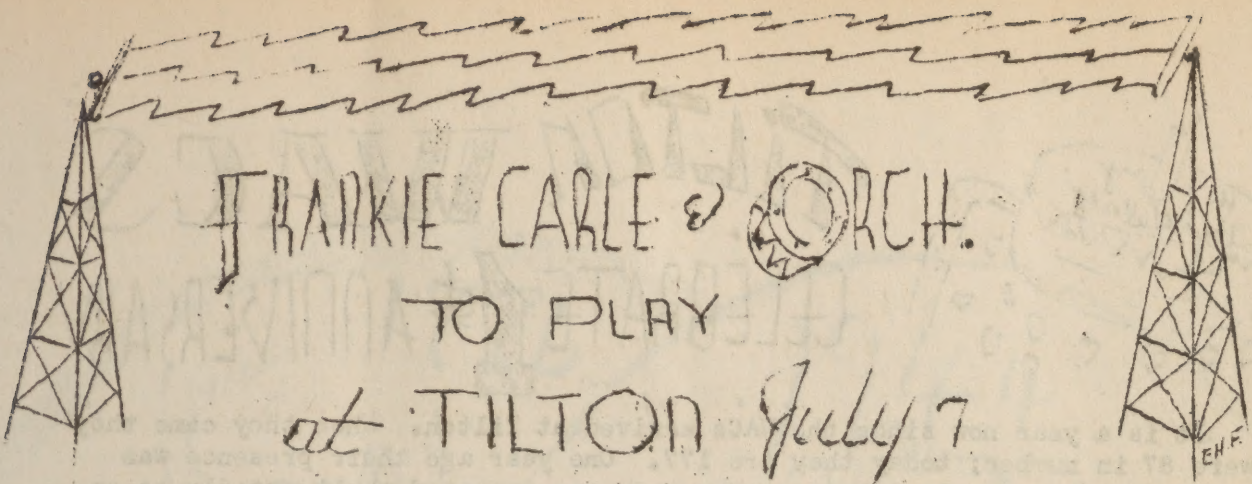
Today the world is closer together than were our original thirteen states. Our planes can circle the globe several times in the weeks it then took to travel from Rhode Island to Georgia. A phone call will carry conversation thousands of miles in a few seconds. The people of the world keep coming closer together daily. The Four Freedoms for which we are fighting have knit us even closer spiritually. Every man and woman hopes for eventual freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom from fear and freedom from want.

Perhaps, then, the termination of this war will herald a new declaration of independence for the entire world. There will be a spirit of cooperation among the nations with no fences of intolerance around the borders. Then Independence Day will mark a liberation for all mankind.

Pfc Alfred Palca

- - - - -

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FRANKIE CARLE & ORCH.

TO PLAY

at TILTON July 7

Jump and jive, man alive, we're going to have some big-time hot and sweet music at Tilton General Hospital! Gather 'round, chilluns, and make a note of time, date and place.

Frankie Carle's sensational new orchestra--with Frankie at the keyboard himself--will broadcast from the Red Cross building Friday night, July 7th, from 9:30 to 9:55 P.M. for Coca Cola Spotlight Bands over the Blue Network. The broadcast will originate at Tilton and be heard in every corner of the United States and anyplace overseas where American GIs are stationed. Come early and make plenty of noise--there will be loads of folks to hear your whistles and applause.

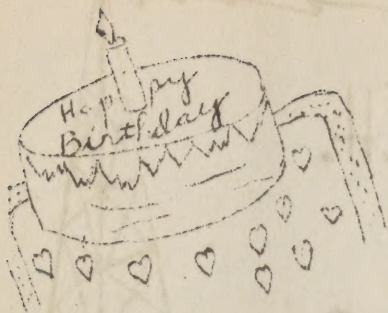
And there will be good reason to show approval in the accepted manners. Frankie Carle, a refugee from Horace Heidt's outfit, has one of the smoothest dance units this side of Tommy Dorsey. After acting as arranger and pianist for Heidt's Musical Knights for more years than you can remember, Frankie bid the boss a fond adieu and pocketed the band's piano--the one with the mirror above the keyboard. Next time anyone saw Frankie or the piano was at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York City where the billboards outside advertised Frankie Carle and his piano and his orchestra.

After that first night the band was "in" like a brother-in-law. Frankie's innate musicianship and showmanship was infused into the members of his crew and the whole made an exceedingly pleasant combine. The outfit played the Capitol Theater in New York, broke a few attendance records, and then headed west to appease the hepcats who haunt the Palladium on the banks of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in Hollywood. They are still riding a crest.

Frankie is a show all by himself when he pushes his piano up front and tickles out a few of the tunes he has dreamed up in the past. Before you sneeze at that, please take note that Monsieur Carle has penned such Hit Paraders as "Moonlight Cocktail," "Sunrise Serenade," and loads more. That isn't creamed beef on cold toast, you know.

But any attraction in the musical realm is far better heard and seen than read about. Whip yourself into a jivey groove next Friday evening and meander over to the Red Cross building. There will be no dancing in the aisles but there may be a jot or two of terpsichore directly following the broadcast.

Well, all reet, Jackson, gladoozeeyou!



TILTON WACS CELEBRATE 1st ANNIVERSARY

It is a year now since the WACs arrived at Tilton. When they came they were 87 in number; today they are 177. One year ago their presence was greeted with some misgivings; today they are accepted wholeheartedly as an efficiently working complement of the TGH personnel.

There were, at that time, some grounds for the misgivings. There had been, until then, very few WAC medical units to come out into the field, most of them having been stationed only at WAC hospitals. And there had never been a WAC medical unit at a General Hospital. Tilton's WACs, therefore, were an innovation. They were on trial, so to speak, and they came through excellently.

Another distinguishing feature of Tilton's WACs is that they are the largest detachment in the entire Second Service Command. They are doing more than 30 different jobs at TGH, which is considerably in excess of the number usually done in an average WAC unit, and every one of those jobs is being done thoroughly.

Though the detachment has grown in size, not all of the original members are still here. Already thirteen have gone overseas, several to England, one to Italy. Second Lieutenant Fannie Sue White, formerly stationed here, is now a battalion mess officer in England. Just a few weeks ago four more WACs left Tilton to go to Fort Oglethorpe for overseas training prior to leaving these shores.

On the occasion of the Tilton WACs' first birthday, Capt. Bette F. Alter issued the following statement by way of greeting and congratulations:

"To all those of Tilton who have helped so greatly to make our year a pleasant and useful one -- my heartfelt thanks. To you, WACs of Tilton, may I express my pride in being one of you and my appreciation of the steadfast faith with which you have performed your appointed tasks as 'behind the line' soldiers during our year at Tilton."

Bette F. Alter
BETTE F. ALTER
Captain, MAC
C.O., Det. WAC



The Chaplains' Corner

Chaplain Bernard J. Carlin

The first recorded thought about man -- the first thought about man, as a matter of fact, that could ever have been thought -- was the picture of him in God's mind from all eternity. "Let us make Man to Our own image and likeness." All other earthly creatures were made according to patterns that God elaborated out of the infinite fertility of His intellect; but when He decided to create man, the plan for that creature He sought in the Sacredness of His own divine Being.

And as God gave that creative thought external form, He obviously was granting Man not only the power but the right as well to associate with Himself. God set man apart from all other animated creation by endowing him with the supernatural powers of intellect and will. Through the use of his intellect Man could pierce the heart of creation, leap the wall of sense and consort with God at His very throne. Through the use of his will Man was absolute master of himself. By its use in an exchange of affection he might rise to the very heart of God in an intimacy so profound that human friendship, no matter how deep, could only suggest.

But alas for man, these powers can be used for another purpose too! Being complete master of them he can use them to his detriment -- and only too often does. Why this should be shall remain one of the prime mysteries of life. Perhaps it can best be explained as seeking the source of happiness through secondary channels. But it all comes out a vicious circle because we have access to the true source through direct channels.

Because we have access nowadays, easy access, to things that separate us from our true end, it would profit us if occasionally we paused and totaled up the net results of our stewardship -- and these faculties are vital parts of our stewardship. It would be well for us to remember that an accounting, a strict accounting to the smallest farthing will be demanded of us: Am I using these faculties to attain my supernatural end or am I frustrating the end to which I have been destined through their misuse?

Schedule of Services

Roman Catholic - Sunday Masses - 6:15 and 8:30 A.M.

Weekday Masses - 6:00 P.M. Daily

Confessions - Saturday - 4:30 to 5:00 P.M.

7:30 to 8:30 P.M.

Jewish - Friday evening at 7:45 P.M.

Protestant - Sunday at 10:00 A.M.

Protestant Chaplain - Frederick C. Frommhagen

Catholic Chaplain - Bernard J. Carlin

Jewish Chaplain - Samuel N. Sherman

Every sad, very short story

by Pfc Alfred Palca

A corporal returned from overseas and went home to San Francisco for a 30-day furlough before being assigned to Tilton. He had been corresponding with a hometown girl while he was away; they had known each other in high school, but she had always seemed a snobbish, selfish girl then. Her letters, though, had been sweet.

As soon as he hit the city he phoned her. They dated that first night and then every night for the rest of the week. His family wanted to see more of him, but realized he was falling in love with the girl. They were happy for him. It took another two weeks, however, before the glad state of affairs dawned on the GI.

The night it hit him he made up his mind. It was a warm, lovely evening as they walked to her home through the quiet, tree-lined streets of Knob Hill. They held hands and preferred to walk in silence. The night, the girl, the mood made the soldier almost drunk with a quiet elation. How wonderful to be back from the tough grind over there and have this. He looked down at her. She smiled back at him. A light breeze made the trees nod as if telling him to go ahead, that this was the moment.

"Helen." They were nearing her home. He looked down at her again. "Helen, dear, what would you say if I asked you to marry me?"

"Why don't you ask me and find out?" she answered coyly.

This is it, this is it, this is it! was all his brain could sing. Heaven can wait. They stopped in front of her home.

"Darling, will you marry me?"

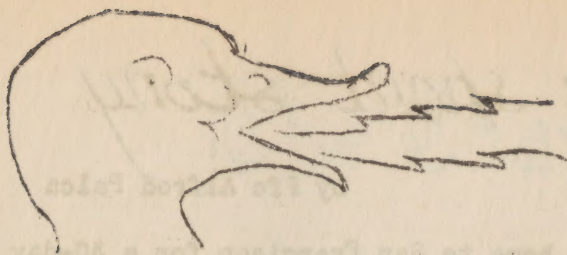
"No!"

THE END

THE ARMY S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S A POINT

The Army's Medical Corps has made tremendous strides during this war and perhaps some of the greatest advances have come in the field of orthopedics. The GI technicians in this department at Tilton have displayed a miraculous genius at manufacturing odd bandages and straps and supports to aid in the cure of various complaints. But the strangest request of all, according to T/5 Sammy Cohen of the orthopedic shop, has led to what seems a steady assignment for the enlisted men during their off-duty hours. Nurses and female civilian employees at the hospital, unable to obtain replacements or retreads, have been coming to the orthopedic technicians for repairs and readjustments of --- girdles and corsets!

A.P.



QUACK! QUACK!

MEMOS OF A PINCH-HITTER

Now that the census has reached a new low, there ought to be a prize for the funniest rumor....judging to be based on "reliability" of source and silliness of proposal....results to be judged by COLONEL TURNBULL....who would probably laugh himself sick....

The boys have been beating a path to CHAPLAIN and MRS. SHERMAN'S cottage in Browns Mills these hot nights (or any other night) and no wonder.... such hospitality!....MARTY WEITZ can't swim, but sometimes you can wade out to the floating dock anyway....PHIL ADALMAN just plays cards and eats....The Chaplain can toast three hot dogs at once....and SALLY SHERMAN has a real rubber bathing cap!

We were all so relieved and happy to know that young SHARON SHEA has recovered from her illness....we want to see HELEN SHEA and SHARON at Tilton soon....

Welcome to LT. FISHMAN who will tell you how to fill out that *\$%?!* Physical Profile Serial....and will test your IQ and personality as an extra added attraction (or maybe you don't want to know)....

And among our new arrivals is LT. JOHN LORENS, who says he hoped his accent sounded like Charles Boyer,....but was told he sounded like the Mad Russian on Cantor's program!!....

It was a sad farewell we said to JOHNNY JOHNSON....one of our favorite people....No more LIMBERLEGS....We will miss him so much....

The baby crop is growing and growing and increasing satisfactorily... every week we hear rumors of new "imaginings"....(which generally turn out to be "imaginings")..AND, why not a "Baby Day" to show off some of our outstandingly beautiful and precocious Tilton kids?....

The Staff Dinner of 23 June was an outstanding success....we missed HELEN TURNBULL, sojourning in Canada (she didn't yet send us a card, the darned kid!)....It was good to see HARRY SWARTZ' charming wife....ANNE SAXE

was there with her new haircut, which looks wonderful....It is rumored that, with part of what was cut off, she is having a tiny toupee made for EARL, who is SO sensitive about that little spot....

A note of sadness was in the air as his colleagues (to be distinguished from his barracks-mates) made farewell speeches to MARTY WEITZ....JUICE FREDIANI was in the groove....out of respect to BUCKY, no doubt, the Colonel had to "as you were" him just once....The MILLER BOYS, REUBEN and AL expressed their regrets nobly....FITZ told one of his incomparable stories....We are glad to have BERNIE KLEIN back with us again....SOL WEINTRAUB, it was found, can rattle off enough Boche to be a candidate for a job in the POW compound....GRACE HOWARD won a bottle of hard likker in the raffle....and ANNE HANNA, up-from-the-seashore-and-brown-as-a-berry, won a plebian bottle of coke....For a hot night, the snake-dance contingent rose nobly to the occasion....

JOE BROWN should wear ANNE OETTING'S little straw hat with the red ribbon frequently....Charming!....Believe us, KLONDIKE has thawed out since he came to Tilton....Is it true that SI KATZ is actually considering a welding?Leave us confirm or deny....The last outpost of snobbery: The Poker Clique.

From what we've heard tell of our own CECIL MILLER
As a farmer he must be a real killer-diller.
From the way that he praises his gardening joys,
He should get in blue denims and help Tilton's boys.

Let us clear up once and for all the misunderstanding that a member of our Staff was in the doghouse for an oversight regarding attendance at one of our social functions....ADELAIDE didn't really mind, he says....

And as we go to press today
Amalgamation's in the air....
And we have nothing more to say...
So there!

QUICK CARE SAVES LIVES OF 99 IN 100 IN FRANCE.(France- CNS) - Quick and expert medical attention has been responsible for the saving of 99 per cent of the lives of American soldiers wounded on the Normandy beachhead, according to Maj. Gen. A. W. Kenner, Chief of Medical Services on Gen. Eisenhower's staff.

Penicillin, sulfa drugs, whole blood and blood plasma are being used constantly in France, Gen. Kenner said, as a part of the treatment wounded soldiers receive on the battlefield, in front line hospitals, and on special ships and airplanes returning to England.

YOU, TOO, CAN HELP SAVE LIVES BY BUYING MORE WAR BONDS!

"ANCHORS
AWEIGH"

SING A SONG FOR THE MEN IN WHITE

"CAISSONS
GO ROLLING
along"

The men in tanks get rousing thanks
For the gallant deeds they do;
There's many a cheer for the engineer,
And a hymn for the Navy Blue..

The guys that fly, who span the sky,
Are said to be winning the war;
And the song of the prop says nought can stop
The Army's Aerial Corps.

The men who march, whose lips may parch,
Who slog in the mud all day--
They fight and die and don't ask why,
And deserve a loud hooray.

And there are men who fought and then
Came slamming back for more.
By every means those tough Marines
Are fighting in this war.

But you'll never find--in any mind--
A song for the men in white.
They work long days, they get no praise,
And, man, that isn't right!

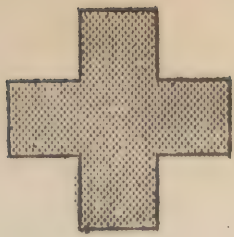
So sing a song for the men in white,
The guys who make 'em well;
They bring men back from gloom of night,
Deliver them from hell.

Let whistles blow and let bells ring,
And let them ring all night.
And if you ever want to sing--why,
SING A SONG FOR THE MEN IN WHITE!

Pfc. Alfred Palca

"The Army
Air Corps
Song"

"Halls of
Montezuma"



RED CROSS NEWS

Have you noticed a smiling, new face on the Red Cross staff very recently? Well - let us introduce our new Field Director, Miss Mary P. Hannigan. Miss Hannigan comes to us from Camp Kilmer, where she was in charge of the American Red Cross Social Service Office since October, 1942. We are very glad to welcome her to Tilton and know she will be "one of the family" in no time at all.

With the coming of this fine person, you undoubtedly also missed Mrs. Winfield who had endeared herself to all of Tilton. Well - "Winnie", as she was known to many of us, has gone to take over the large responsibility of Field Director at the U.S. Naval Hospital, St. Albans, Long Island, and all our good wishes went with her on this grand advancement.

Have you noticed how lovely our garden looks these days? Of course we owe it all to the men who are so helpful in mowing the lawn and weeding the garden. Right now we could use a few more willing hands, so how about it, men?

Calling all Actors, Musicians, Singers, Stage Hands! !

Big show brewing for Thursdays! First rehearsal Tuesday night at 7:00 P.M. In fact, it's going to be a regular occasion at "Hoboy House" every Tuesday night, so that we can have bigger and better Thursday night shows.

Foot notes!!

1. Some Jamboree the Philadelphia Quartermaster Corps brought last Friday! We owe them a big round of applause for all their efforts and fine performance.
2. Don't forget to use our new collection of records, especially on Tuesday nights ; both popular and classical. Better and new ones are added all the time.

AIN'T IT A FACT

Folks whom I'll always deplore
Are those who think war is a bore.
But I'm really quite fond
Of a guy with a bond*
Who buys more and then more and then more!

(Pvt. Agnes Walko)

*War Bond, of course.



WHISPERS

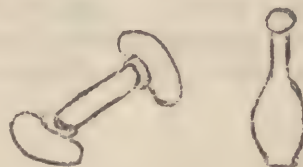
by S/Sgt Eddie Judge.

Those "long distance" phone calls between Joe Rosoff and Marie Ives are a new high in something or other...

Another regular twosome...Paula Killian and Clarence Stevens...

Wedding bells July 8th for Eleanor Schmidt, veddy charming Recreation worker of the Red Cross... Luck 'n stuff, El...

Those exercises Joe Oster is in the habit of taking at a Trenton "Y" didn't help much in the practice drill for the infiltration course... Joe was a "beat chick" at the finish line...



Stan "Tyrone" Polikoff sporting a beautiful pair of purple-blue-black eyes... Without having to explain that they are the result of a nasal operation.. ("Tyrone" in Technicolor!)...

Those dancing lessons with "Vanilla" in the Joint Day Room are really somethin'!...

Harry Brooks has installed "G.I. Joe" and "G.I. Jane", two scarecrows, at the TGH Farm... Jane is right by the road... Wonder why?...



Coming back from a one day pass with a "yen to yodel"... Cora Van Amber...

John Haines right at home in his favorite position as the "patient" in a Thomas Splint demonstration, until he heard, " Take a ten minute break"... With Tom Bender and Harold Perlmutter leaving him in the splint, like the good pals they are...

Jeannette Caldwell's veddy shapely "gam" is mending rapidly, we are glad to report, and we are expecting to see her up and around again real soon...

There's a treat in store for you when USO-Hospital Unit No. 6 entertains at the Outdoor Theatre, weather permitting... Heading the show is Roy Smeck, Radio's Wizard of the Strings, with a stellar cast...

AND PUT US OVER THE TOP....

BONDS

BUY

That cheerful sign in the lab is the work of Don Litts... The guy who takes your blood with a smile... It reads, and looks like this:....

QUARANTINE!

FAIR WARNING TO BILL COLLECTORS, REVENUE AGENTS,
LIGHTNING ROD PEDDLERS, AND OTHER CITY SLICKERS:

WE GOT LEPROSY, FALLIN' ARCHES, HOOF AND
MOUTH DISEASE, ENCEPHALITIS, D.T.S. AND DANDRUFF.

PERCEED AT YER OWN RISK!

P.S. - BEWARE THE RATTLESNAKE. THUH CRITTER
GOT LOOSE THIS MORNIN'!

Aside to Kay Bolen: What goes with that "Cold hands, warm heart" routine of yours?... Or is it vice versa??...

Oscar Sarkis, the "Beau Brummel" of Tilton, wants it known that he is now "available"... Ask him what he means, its got me!...

The "in-again-out-again-Finnegan" guy, Clayton Heck... One never knows whether Heck is a patient or an attendant...

The regular Tuesday and Thursday Swimming Parties at Soldier's Island, Brown's Mills, are becoming increasingly popular... So much so that we are in need of a few more life-guards... Should you be one, leave your name with Sgt. McCarroll, or see Sgt. Frame...

A new addition to our "Tilton Talk Family", Al Palca... Al is assistant to Captain Henon, and in civilian life was well known in theatrical circles as a script writer and press agent... Nice havin' ya' with us, Al...

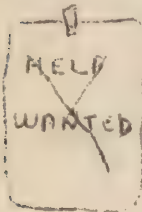
Meet Lieutenant Cashen: An introduction to the officer in charge of the Orientation Course, for you gals and guys taking the various subjects twice a week... Lieutenant John Cashen, now assistant to Captain Rubin Miller, is an overseas veteran of the European Area, was an instructor at Carlisle, and knows the subject he's supervising backwards... As you have found out by now, he also knows his enlisted personnel's problems... "G.I." in this case means "Good Instructor"....

Bye, Bye,..... Buy Bonds!

G.I. SIDELIGHTS (CNS)

TYPICAL GI PICKED: (New York) - America's typical GI Joe is 22-year-old Pvt. Charles W. Peers, of Louisville, Ky., now serving in the ETO. Peers, who was chosen "the most typical American doughboy" over 250,000 other servicemen, weighs 170 pounds, has gray eyes and brown hair. The contest was sponsored by Eddie Cantor.

BEANPOWER REPLACES MEN, SAVES ONE JOB: (Carlsbad Field, N.M.) - GI ingenuity has worked out a new system of utilizing mess hall manpower here. A sign, two bowls, and some dried beans are replacing a man. The sign tells GIs in the mess line to "take a bean from this bowl - and place it in that one."



This procedure eliminates one "tray-counter", making available an additional dishwasher.

'FIRST' IS FIRST AGAIN IN INVASION OF FRANCE: (France) - The U. S. Army's First Infantry Division - which has been in the thick of the fight in two wars - was one of the first outfits to land in France in the invasion thrust June 6.

Under command of Maj. Gen. Terry Allen, the "Fighting First" fought in North Africa and Sicily in this war's previous big amphibious actions.

'DON'T WINK AT GIRLS!,' GI's IN FRANCE TOLD: (France) - GI's in France have been warned by the War Department not to wink at French girls - and "keep hands off if you want to keep out of trouble."

The Wise Owl Says: BUY MORE BONDS!

LAFF O' THE WEEK: (Seattle) - For weeks the WAVE had saluted a young officer daily as she hopped along the street. And for weeks he had returned her salute - grinning broadly.

"Say, what's his rank, anyway?" she asked her barracks-mate at last.

"Can't say," her friend replied. "But he's officer of the guard at the bank where I cash my checks."



ANYTHING TO OBLIGE A WOUNDED GERMAN: (Italy) - The American officer approached the wounded Nazi pilot he had just shot down.

"Do you want us to bring you a priest?" he asked in German.

"Hitler is my priest," the Nazi said.

"If you'll try to hold on," the American pleaded, "we'll get him for you."

'GLORY BOYS' COMMENDED FOR DISDAIN OF DANGER: (Washington) - The work of the Army's "Glory Boys" - the U.S. glider troops used in the Norman invasion - was lauded here by the War Department in a statement commending the young pilots for their "magnificent disdain" of danger.

Calling the job of landing glider troops in enemy areas one of the most complex and dangerous of invasion assignments, the WD gave full credit to Brig. Gen. Paul Williams, of Los Angeles, who organized the group.

QUICK WORKER: (Columbus, O.) - Capt. Don Gentile, one of the top Yank air aces in the ETO, arrived here on leave on a Friday. Two days later his engagement to Miss Isabella Masdea of Columbus was announced.

practically anything

THE FOURTH OF JULY: Remember 'way back when the Fourth meant the day off from workor maybe two days if it came at a weekend....and picnics -- with sunburn and mosquitoes, not to mention ants in the lunch basket...and kids shooting firecrackers for weeks in advance...and marvelous displays of fireworks at night?...The Army has certainly changed things, hasn't it?

Doesn't it ever stop raining in New Jersey? And when does the weather become liveable? Answer to both: NEVER.

TGH during the week-end...It's so quiet you can almost hear a bedpan drop...All the patients who can get around have gone home, ditto all the EM and Wacs who could wangle a pass...Nobody left but the unlucky ones and the civilians...chicken and icecream for Sunday dinner...nothing much to do and probably plenty of rain to prevent you from doing it.

Someday, when I grow up and am rich and independent, I'd like the job of being a fireman between fires...I'd just sit in the doorway of the firehouse, lean back in my chair and wait for the people to come by and make conversation...or I'd go inside and read my newspaper and not have anything to worry about...You see, my job will be good only between fires, not during them...Lazy, that's what I am... But just walk over to the ramp behind patients' mess and O.T. and see if you wouldn't like my future job, too.

The Monday morning bus from Trenton to camp...sometimes late...always crowded... with men coming back from week-end passes, most of them looking as though they could use another two-day pass just to catch up on lost sleep...all of them knowing that they won't...Maybe someday Congress will pass a law abolishing Mondays...That's not so funny - Rep. V.M. Deloney has introduced a bill in the State Legislature of Louisiana which would make it illegal to wear a coat or tie between June 1 and Oct. 1, except on Sundays...so you never can tell what will come next.

The former staff of Tilton Talk, recently exiled to the 1260th, have begun to trail back as visitors to these here parts...The first to go, Geiger, was also the first to come back. He's temporarily covering Tilton news for the Fort Dix Post, so he's practically passed out of the "visitor" stage...Selvage was in, first thing Monday morning...Ciaburri turned up in time for chow.

WACTUAL FACTS

by T/5 Pearl T. Jackson

We are devoting our entire space this week to our advice to the levelorn activities. Judging by the volume of pleas for assistance and consolation, Tilton abounds in broken hearts and love pangs. Who would dream that beneath our placid exterior there rages such unbridled passion?

* * * * *

Dear Hope Eternal: Comme je suis malheureux! (How I am unhappy!) Everything I do results in failure. One failure after another. Last night I dumped a bottle of catsup on my trousers while celebrating a friend's birthday at B.J.'s. Can you tell me how to take out a catsup stain?

(signed) Frustration

Dear Frustration: Why take out a catsup stain when there are so many lonely Wacs you could take out.

Hope Eternal

* * * * *

Dear Hope Eternal: I have been stationed at Tilton for six months, and in all that time nobody has asked me for a date. Is there something wrong with me?

(Signed) Down-hearted

Dear Down-hearted: Could be!!!

Hope Eternal

* * * * *

Dear Hope Eternal: My boy friend, a handsome Tilton sergeant (???) is fickle. He flirts with all the other Wacs, and makes me jealous all the time. How can I fix him so that he'll be true to me?

(Signed) Frantic Flo

Dear F. F.: Try his own methods. There are many handsome men at Tilton you could flirt with. I'd suggest S/Sgt Judge, Sgt. Sachs, Sgt. Bray, Cpl. Oster, or Private Becker--just for a start.

Hope Eternal

* * * * *

Dear Hope Eternal: A certain blonde Wac has my head spinning, my pulses pounding, my knees weak. I can't sleep nights, and have lost my appetite. I'm just a shadow of my former self, and my friends say I've become an entirely different person. Can this be love?

(Signed) Worried Ward Boy

Dear W. W. B.: No. It's just a malfunctioning of the thyroid.

Hope Eternal

* * * * *

Dear Hope Eternal: I'm a civilian. Five years ago I married a man. Shortly after the ceremony, I sent him out to buy some potato salad, and he never came back. What should I do?

(Signed) Perplexed

Dear Perplexed: Go out and buy it yourself.

Hope Eternal

(WACTual Facts - Cont.)

Dear Hope Eternal: Last night I had a date with a T/5. I thought he was a gentleman, but he turned out to be a wolf. Are there any gentlemen in the army?
(Signed) Disillusioned

Dear Disillusioned: Cheer up. A gentleman is merely a wolf with patience.
Hope Eternal

Dear Hope Eternal: When my boy friend left Tilton, he promised he'd write to me every day. Four months have passed, and I haven't had a letter from him. Is he giving me the brush-off?
(Signed) Neglected

Dear Neglected: The reason for the lack of mail is one of two things: 1. your boy friend may be illiterate; 2. paper shortage.
Hope Eternal

Dear Hope Eternal: My girl wants to get married, and insists on a honeymoon. She won't believe that all passes and furloughs have been cancelled, and is very unreasonable. Should I go over the hill for her?
(Signed) Crushed Corporal

Dear C.C.: What hill? It's been worn down to a valley, son.
Hope Eternal.

Dear Hope Eternal: Will you please give me a formula for success in the army?
(Signed) Stymied

Dear So-are-we-all: The standard formula for success in the army is: Pass the buck, shoot the bull, and make seven copies.
Hope Eternal

Dear Hope Eternal: Can you get me a transfer?
(Signed) Hopeful

Dear Hopeful: It is to laugh.
Hope Eternal

Dear Hope Eternal: These latrine rumors are giving me the G.I. willies. I'm a wreck. Can you stop the L.R.'s before I die of nervous prostration?
(Signed) Worry Wart

Dear W.W.: I can't stop the rumors, but you can stay out of the latrine.
Hope Eternal

Dear Hope Eternal: I'm unhappy. I have no special problem, but I'm just not happy. What should I do?
(Signed) P.F.D.

Dear P.F.D.: Introduce yourself to Captain Saxe.
Hope Eternal

Dear Hope Eternal: Is there anything worse than unrequited love?
(Signed) Morose

Dear Morose: Pulling emergency on Saturday night.
Hope Eternal

That's all we can handle now. All questions are treated in a confidential and tactful manner, so don't be afraid to submit yours. Why suffer in silence?

LIFE

A young GI in the last war who liked to bet was seriously wounded in the Ar-gonne Forest battle. The doctor, giving up all hope for recovery, called a chaplain to the soldier's side to administer the final rites. The soldier looked up at the sky pilot and managed a faint grin despite his in-tense pain.



"Father," he said weakly, "reach into my upper left pocket."

The chaplain did so and found a wallet. "Is this what you want?" he asked.

"Yes. Now look inside the billfold."

There was a ten dollar bill. The chaplain held it up for the soldier to see. "It's ten dollars, my son."

"Yes, sir. Now would you please take it over to the doctor and bet him ten to five that I live."

and MARRIAGE



Irving Berlin, who is entertaining troops in the front lines of Italy with his soldier musical, "This Is the Army," had a stormy time during his courtship of Ellen Mackay. Ellen's father, the socially prominent Clarence Mackay, objected to a song-writer for a son-in-law and forbade his daughter from seeing the prolific composer.

Poor Ellen was heartbroken. Her love for the diminutive Berlin was known by all, but she did not want to flaunt her dad openly.

One evening the Mackays were entertaining important dinner guests from abroad. Throughout the meal she wracked her brain for a way of getting out, for she felt that Berlin was going to propose that evening. But her father would miss her if she left after dinner.

At last she thought of a scheme. She turned to the gentleman sitting at her left and explained her dilemma to him. "How can I help you, Ellen?" he asked.

"Well," she whispered, "dad is interested in hunting, riding and jumping. I know you are too. Do you think you could lure dad into the library and get him into a long discussion on horses?"

"Ellen," the guest smiled, "you have my word. It shall be done."

And so it was. Irving Berlin proposed to Ellen Mackay that evening and was ac-cepted. Papa Mackay, at that very moment, was involved in grey-mares, black stal-lions and water jumps. The dinner guest had done his job well. To this day Ellen Berlin is grateful to the man who made the proposal possible. He was the then Prince of Wales, later King Edward of England, the present Duke of Windsor!

AND DEATH

A paratrooper, noted for his sense of humor, was sinking rapid-ly at a field hospital on the Normandy beachhead. His company chap-lain tried to cheer the boy up one afternoon but the GI good natur-edly brushed aside the Father's wishes for a speedy recovery.

"If you have any messages, Father," he said, "you'd better give them to me now. I'll be seeing your Boss pretty soon."

Pfc Alfred Palca



O.T. NEWS

PFC ELY H FRIEDMAN

To prevent the O.T. Workshop from appearing like Grand Central Station, a series of articles about the activities of the department will appear in TILTON TALK. This is the first.

*

The addition of loads of new equipment and supplies makes those hand-made products even bigger and better than before...Our latest addition is a complete dark room, with modern equipment and supplies. Pfc. Larry Becker of X-Ray, is giving his professional advice in setting up the room.

*

Our staff has been increased recently to include Cpl. E. Phillips, who is a champ with "making with" those wooden boat models. Looks as though the Navy missed a good man....He holds the National title as builder and designer of racing and sailing boat models of his own design. He certainly will stimulate boat model building at O.T. Many patients have already received initial instructions and are now under his trained eye.

*

FLASH! - Local WAC found shivering in her birthday clothes on TGH Farm. - Some "law abiding citizen" stole G.I. Jane's clothes. In case you are not aware, Janie is the lady scarecrow knee-deep in corn and potatoes down on Wrightstown Road. ...Lucky we found her before the M.P.'s arrived. We can't imagine any of our local WACs needing 'em so badly. Rest assured, her new uniform will be riveted on.



Pvt. William Watkins, Ward 28, cannot explain his whereabouts at the time G.I. Jane's clothes disappeared. His fond care of her up to now cannot be overlooked.

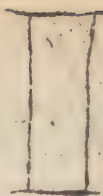
*

And speaking of our farm, you should see the bushels of tasty radishes that are delivered to Patients' Mess from its good earth. And the promises of delicious tomatoes, beans, carrots and many other vegetables are just as great...Barring floods, storms, droughts*, blight and the seven-year locusts, the patients of TGH will be well-fed this summer.

*

PEOPLE - S/Sgt. Wesley Kaiser, Ward 27, is experimenting with models of plaster casts for hands. The results so far have been excellent..."Dr." Harold Greller, Ward 24, (of penicillin charts fame) certainly can turn out some swell caricatures. Drop in and see his version of Herr Schicklegruber. It's the berries.

* (Ed. note: Droughts in New Jersey???)



NEVER MET the General

by Pfc Alfred Palca

Be strange, won't it, to meet an officer in civilian life with whom you worked during the war. Will you call him "Captain," or "Sir," or "Mister," or just plain: "Hya, Charlie!"? That last one is a pet dream of ours....Speaking of civilian days, this reporter feels that it will take him at least fifteen or twenty minutes to become accustomed to that life again....Ah, civilian days....when the breakfast eggs are made the way you like them, when you can stop for a beer on your way home from work or write a letter to the editor when the subways get too crowded, when you can tell the little lady what you want for dinner, when you can play "sick" and take a day off from work every now and then, when....

* * *

Soon, maybe not tomorrow, but soon....

* * *

WHY PRIVATES DON'T GET PROMOTED: A very thin sergeant was complaining the other day about a bumpy ride in the back of a GI truck. He looked over at a rotund little private sitting at the other end.

"I wish I had plenty of fat on my rump like you," he said to the private. "It would be more comfortable."

The other GI's in the truck flattered the sergeant with a laugh. The fat boy looked up.

"Well, sergeant," he said innocently, "why don't you sit on your head?"

* * *

Here's a sudden thawt: "Time is the interval between two happy moments."....And a very wise young WAC tells us that "a man is short if even his wife doesn't look up to him."....Offly nice of the Red Cross to arrange for those tickets to "The Voice of the Turtle". And swell, too, of Margaret Sullivan, Elliot Nugent, Audrey Christie and the management to give the free performances for the ~~men~~ and women in service....our Tilton boys were giving eight to five during the first act intermission that the hero of the play "makes it"....The phrase (GI in origin) that covers a multitude of ills: "Oh, my aching back!"

* * *

A poem from the attic of my subconscious that I heard somewhere, sometime:

Honeysuckle Rose,
Honeysuckle Rose.
Honeysuckle sat on a tack:
Honeysuckle Rose!

* * *

If you'd like to hear a voice that gently caresses your ear, listen next Sunday (or any Sunday) to Eileen Farrell on the Prudential Hour over CBS at five o'clock. Ei-

leen, by the way, is one of the few radio vocalists who actually sings the lyrics so you can understand them....A performance that was really out of this command, though was Judy Garland's recent warbling of "Far Away and Long Ago" as arranged by her ex-husband, Sgt. David Rose, AAF....And wasn't "Going My Way" a charming cinematic interlude?

* * *

TIME MARCHES ON, SIR: An 83-year old actor appeared in a revival of The Cherry Orchard on Broadway this past season. The old fellow, A. G. Andrews, received good reviews for his performance and submitted to an interview by a GI newspaperman a few days after the opening. Mr. Andrews revealed that he had been acting on the stage for almost seventy years and he deplored the fact that so many people who had appeared in plays with him had forsaken the footlights for the lure of Hollywood money.

"Take young Smith, for example," said the octogenarian. "I understand he's been doing very well in the cinema."

"Young Smith?" asked the mystified reporter.

"Of course," said Andrews. "C. Aubrey Smith."

* * *

I guess the patients can best appreciate the truth of the statement Walter Duranty made in his swell book of several years ago, "I Write As I Please". Said Mr. Duranty: "There is no pleasure in life, not even that of love's orgasm, that compares with the relief from pain."....It must be a helluva great feeling for the doctors and nurses and enlisted medics when a patient finally smiles his way out of the fog of pain....Which reminds us that at least one good thing has come out of this war--the tremendous advances in medicine.

* * *

The nutcracker is closing on Festung Europa....We're letting 'em have it from Italy, France and by air....the Russians have the Nazis by the Baltics....Any tomorrow now they'll be ringing the bells and blowing the whistles to celebrate our victory in Europe....What to do with Hitler, Goering, Himmler, Goebbels and Co.? This reporter is in favor of putting them in a cage and exhibiting them like animals....the idea, of course, is to make them suffer the worst humiliation possible....just a taste of what they've done to people all over the world....Hitler should not be known to future generations as a hero of our history books....he and his gangsters should be disgraced before their death....What are your ideas for their punishment? Or do you think they should simply be shot? Drop us a line, we'll print the more interesting opinions and ideas.

* * *

The month of June during a leap year is extremely dangerous for the average unattached male....and I don't mean that he is liable to catch a bad cold....It happened to one of our sergeants during the past weekend....it could happen to you.... This soldier dated an old girl friend in New York and they were having fun in the usual manner--holding hands on top of the Fifth Avenue bus....He knew he had been seeing too much of her when she turned to him suddenly and said, "Darling, I thought I heard an engagement ring in your voice."....

* * *

That's all, brother, that's all....

COUNTERINTELLIGENCE CORPS SEEKS TOP MEN

WASHINGTON (CNS) - The Army is on the prowl for some top men with which to complete the roster of its Counterintelligence Corps.

Enlisted personnel for the Corps will be acquired from the three major commands in monthly quotas for a period of about six months. If the major commands cannot furnish qualified personnel, however, it will be secured from reception centers.

Men assigned by the Corps to organizations using its services must be no younger than 24, no older than 38, must be physically fit for general overseas duty, have an AGCT score of at least 110, must have completed the Counterintelligence Corps Training Program, and must be high school graduates and U.S. citizens with residence in the U.S. for at least five years. Complete fluency in one or more languages is also desirable, although not mandatory.

ASTP to admit new trainees in 4 courses

The doors to the Army Specialized Training Program - slammed shut to most GI's since early this year - now stand ajar once more for men in several fields. The war Department in a recent circular (WD Cir. 184) has authorized the selection of trainees for the ASTP from troop units, except the Infantry.

Those interested should submit to their regimental, separate battalion or similar unit commander a written application, accompanied by evidence (including a transcript of college credits) of their qualifications. Upon approval by the CO, the application will be forwarded to the STAR Board, University of Illinois, Champaign, Ill.

Action on these applications will be completed within 30 days after their submission. The board will then return approved and disapproved applications to the COs together with a request for the transfer of approved candidates. That's all there is to it.

In order to apply for this training, candidates must have these qualifications:

For Term 4, Engineering, candidates must have an AGCT of 115 or more, one year of college or more, mathematics to include differential calculus, a year of college physics, and must not be over 21 years of age.

For Term 4, Area and Language, candidates must have an AGCT of 130 or more, two years of college or more, a desire to study a foreign language, and must not be over 29 years old.

For Term 9A, qualifications include an AGCT of 125 or more, a graduate degree in engineering, and if not a graduate within the last five years, the candidate must have been actively engaged in an engineering or allied technical field prior to his entrance in the Army.

For Term 9L, an AGCT of 130 or more is necessary. The candidate must be a college graduate and have a fluent speaking knowledge of Japanese, German or French.

Candidates will be transferred in grade except for T/4s and T/5s whose appointments will be terminated. In the event that an applicant is alerted for overseas movement as a member of a unit or an individual while his application is in progress he will become ineligible for participation in ASTP.

LIBRARY NOTES

Helen Z. Detweiler

For those who like to browse in the library these recent reference books may be of interest:

Home Book of Quotations, (ed. Stevenson) - not only indexes the key words of the quotation, but quotes it completely and gives its source.

Racial Proverbs, (ed. Champion) - lists well-known proverbs by national sources.

Master Drawings, (ed. Holmes) - reproduces famous drawings from the 15th century to the present.

The Rhyming Dictionary of the English Language, and the Poets' Handbook, by Wood, should answer every question about the mechanics of poetry.

To answer the ever-popular questions "Do you know the poem..." and "Where can I find it..." the Treasury of Great Poems, compiled by Untermeyer and The Chief Modern Poets of England and America, edited by Saunders and Nelson, should be profitable reading for the browser.

The World Atlas, published by the Encyclopedia Britannica, is unusual because both large and small size maps, complete geographical summaries, world spheres of influence and tables of important facts about one hundred and ninety countries are included.

Other Recent Books in the Library

Fiction

Adams - Canal Town. (A story about the Big Ditch of New York State- the Erie Canal.)

Gaither - The Red Cock Crows. (Another Southern story at the time of the Civil War.)

Gardner - Mom Counted Six. (A story of youth, its exuberance and its trials.)

Sperry - Storm Canvas. (A sea story of the dark winter of 1914 on the blockaded American coast.)

Chesterton - Father Brown Omnibus. (For the detective story devotees.)

Non-fiction

Buckingham - Mark Right! Tales of Hunting and Fishing.

Sims - How to Live on a Hunch, or, the Art of Psychic Living.

Wheeler - The Pacific is My Beat. (A reporter tells of his experiences from Australia to Alaska.)

Launer - The Enemies' Fighting Ships. (Well illustrated.)

Ethridge - This Little Pig Stayed Home. (Rollicking Humor.)

Goffin - Jazz, from the Congo to the Metropolitan.

You Can't Tell About The Army These Days

There was a first sergeant named Mac,
Who resented an off-color crack.
That's not too surprising
If you're enterprising
And realize that macisawac.

(A.P.)



by Lt. Elizabeth M. Koenig

Before this gets started let me make an apology:

Last month I remarked that Lt. Harvey wore cute outfits for the blackout. Seems it was Lt. Baumgart. Am I forgiven, Rosebud?

The Sadie Hawkins Dance was a definite success, the food sooo delish: one Air Corps guest is still exclaiming, says he'll be back. The gowns of various colors were the main attraction, and last but not least the gala event of the evening in which Daisy Mae introduced the new first looies. The singing the looies did created no end of chatter- we understand they are available for weddings, parties and clambakes. The snazzy outfit Daisy Mae wore made a few whistle... And Helena Rura proved she could do a mean polka, with the cooperation of that tall captain!



Oh's and Ah's were aired some two weeks ago - Betty Ploss is the gal who caused all the sighs. She is wearing a beautiful diamond on the finger gals usually wear 'em on. HE is a handsome Gent with a pair of silver wings.

Those Golden Slippers are still in the vault. To whom do they belong???

The newest mode in traveling to U.S.O. shows now is by taxi. Ask the intrepid pioneers who attempted the journey one dark night. Seems like once upon a time a new road was built, then some Girl Scouts decided to undo what a fine group of big strong men labored over. The show? Gee, they never did get to see what went on. Incidentally, do those shoes have platinum inner soles?

A new Information Booth has been put into service. If any one is at all interested in who is who and why, apply to room 23, Quarters? . Box seats reserved two days in advance. Change in policy not allowed.

Song of the Open Road-----the back one.

The Bicycle Club is booming these past few nights - wish the same might be said of the members. The daring fugitives from Sloan's Liniment can turn a mean pedal, beside the landscape.

Anyone interested in learning how to commit the oh-so-perfect crime may contact Capt. Claire Martin, A.N.C. She has all the angles and does some serious reading of the WHODUNITs.

Nice to know:

A new Taxi has been added to the A Coupon Club. La Goldenthal has a car and we wish her Happy Motoring.

Then there is the Nurse who gets on duty early so she can mow the lawn by five minutes past seven. Sincerely hope she wasn't seen by anyone in direct authority - it might become a new regulation.

Lieut. Ruth Mallon of the Dietetics department is able to talk about fruit and dogs, and is no slouch at the job.

Say, what is the beeg secret of the A.N.C. that is being hushed around the quarters? Who says women can't keep things quiet?

How not to live long:

Seems to me that with all the fine talent around these parts some one of the nurses or their friends could compose a song, poem or ditty concerning the nurses. But please, not a tear dripper.

NURSES, NURSES, NURSES. Welcome to the new ones. Wonder if any are left for the civilian population?

Happy Birthday to the July Maidens: Liets. Conners, White, Hopkins, Kachnic, Kische, McAnulty, Perdue.

LOST: One Theatre Ticket. Any one finding one admittance to "The Voice of the Turtle" kindly return to the office of the Chief Nurse.

Those extra dollars can be saved to advantage. A new G.I. War Bond ten dollars worth for only seven fifty, is offered to all Army personnel. Most of us buy a bond a month and are more than glad to. Now we are able to buy a rainy day gift, and from the amount of rain we've been having, the Fifth War Loan Drive should excel all others. If this is a way to bring your brothers, and mine, home sooner, let's all get in and pitch.



NURSES IN U.S. GET NEW UNIFORMS SOON. (Washington, CNS) - The War Department has announced that field service uniforms designed by the Quartermaster Corps more than a year ago for Army nurses in overseas theaters are now being made available to nurses on duty in the U.S. The uniforms are brown and white pin-striped seersucker, and will require no starching or ironing.

HERE AND THERE AROUND TILTON

CIVILIAN MP's: Bright and shiny on Monday morning, June 18, Fort Dix's new civilian MP's came to work, to replace some of the enlisted men who are being shipped out. We don't know what other camps have civilians in this capacity, but what Tilton patients would probably love is what Hammond General Hospital already has - feminine MP's. 15 women, all having uncanny accuracy with GI pistols and all of them experts in jiu-jitsu, are interior guards at HGH. Sounds like a wonderful idea.

ROSE RETURNS: - but just for a visit. Sporting a brilliant green tweed sport jacket - very unlike the little brown suit his uncle gave him - ex-Cpl. Marvin Rose returned to TGH for a visit recently. During his more than three months as a patient here Rose made many friends whom he came back to see. Peculiarly enough, he says he doesn't mind being a civilian once more.

WACs: Tilton's WACs of the Week for the month of June are:

Week of June 5-Pfc. Mary A. Cowan.
" " " 12-Pfc. Elizabeth L. Cannon
" " " 19-Sgt. Veronica A. Timer
" " " 26-S/Sgt. Patricia T. Terhune

These girls were chosen because of their all-around outstanding qualifications. TGH is proud of them.

GOODBYE AND HELLO: The goodbye is for Mrs. Joanna W. Winfield, the former director of Red Cross at TGH, who left two weeks ago to take a similar position at St. Albans Naval Hospital in New York. Despite the shift in allegiance Mrs.

Winfield said that the Army will always have the favored spot in her heart.

The hello, and a cordial welcome with it, goes to Miss Mary P. Hannigan who has come to take over where Mrs. Winfield left off. Miss Hannigan was most recently at Station Hospital, Camp Kilmer, N.J. Far be it from us to brag, but we hope she'll be glad she came to Tilton.

NEWS OF THE DAY: Have you noticed the mimeographed sheets, on the first table in the mess hall at noon? They're put out daily by the Orientation Office, and contain, in brief, the highlights of the day's news. They will continue to appear as long as the Detachment is interested. That should mean for the duration.

WEBSTER REVISED: We like this definition, currently popular in Warehouse No. 5, of the phrase "a nodding acquaintance": Somebody with whom you have nodding in common.

ANOTHER GOODBYE: Major Martin L. Weitz, for a short while in charge of reconditioning, has left for Camp Ellis, Illinois. The Major was one of the first medical officers to arrive at Tilton more than three years ago. We're sorry to see him go - but this is the Army.

CLASSIFIED AD: Wanted - stories, comments, articles, gags, cartoons, sketches, or what have you. To be used as contributions in T.T. Good opportunity for those who: 1-have something on their chests, 2-feel the creative urge, 3-like to see themselves in print. If interested, call 24250.



A WOLF AT SICK BAY.

READETH and NODDETH Wisely

(It is almost YANK's second anniversary, and a special issue of GI features from it is currently on sale at the PX. The following "Epistle" appeared in one of the first copies and we think it good enough to reprint.)

Lo, all ye miserable sinners, entering through the Gate of Induction into the Land of Khaki, hearken unto my words; for I have dwelt in this land for many months and mine eyes have witnessed all manner of folly and woe...Gird up thy loins, my son, and take up the olive drab; but act slowly and with exceeding care and hearken first to the council of a wise and sadder man than thou:

BEWARE THOU THE SERGEANT WHO IS CALLED FIRST; HE HATH A PLEASED AND FOOLISH LOOK BUT CONCEALETH A SERPENT IN HIS HEART. Avoid him when he speaketh low and his lips smileth; he smileth not for thee; his heart rejoiceth at the sight of thy youth and thine ignorance.

He will smile and smile and work all manner of evil against thee. A wise man shuns the orderly room but the fool shall dwell in the kitchen forever.

Unto all things there is a time; there is a time to speak and a time to be silent; be thou like unto stone in the presence of thy superiors, and keep thy tongue still when they call for volunteers.

THE WISE MAN SEARCHETH OUT THE EASY DETAILS BUT A FOOL ONLY STICKETH OUT HIS NECK.

Look thou with disfavor upon the newly made Corporal; he prizeth his stripes much and is proud and foolish; he laugheth much and joketh with the older non-coms and looketh upon the private with a frown.

He would fain go to OCS, but he is not qualified.

Know thou that the Sergeant of the Mess is a man of many moods: when he looketh pleased and his words are like honey, the wise KP seeketh him out and praiseth his chow and laugheth much at his jest; but when he moveth with great naste and the sweat standeth on his brow and he curseth under his breath, make thyself scarce; for he will fall like a whirlwind upon the idle and the goldbrick shall know his wrath.

The supply sergeant is a lazy man and worketh not; he is the keeper of many good things; if thou wouldst wear well-fitting raiment and avoid the statement of charge, make him thy friend...He careth not for praise or flattery, but lend him thy lucre and thy liquor and he will love thee.

Hell hath no fury like a Shavetail scorned; He walketh with a swagger and regardeth the enlisted man with a raised eyebrow; he looketh upon his bars with exceeding pleasure and loveth a salute mightily. Act thou lowly unto him and call him sir and he will love thee.

Damned be he who standeth first in the line of chow and shortstoppeth the de.ssert and cincheth the coffee. HE TAKETH FROM THE MEAT DISH WITH A HEAVY HAND AND LEAVETH THEE THE BONY PART. He is thrice cursed, and all people...will revile him and spit upon him; for his name is called Chow Hound and he is an abomination.

Know thou the Big Operator, but trust him not: he worketh always upon a deal and speaketh confidentially. He knoweth many women and goeth into town every night; he borroweth all thy money: yea, even unto thy ration check. He promiseth to fix thee up but doth it not.

Beware thou of the Old Man, for he will make thee sweat; when he approacheth, look thou upon the ball; he loveth to chew upon thy posterior. Keep thou out of his sight and let him not know thee by name: for he who arouseth the wrath of the Old Man shall go many times unto the Chaplain.

ES HUMOR-ESQUE

Coast Guard boat, drawing his first assignment to guard duty, was stationed at the gate to the entrance of his station, with special orders to admit no one unless it carried a special tag.

Along came a tagless car bearing a full commander. The guard stopped the car, seemed to ponder on his general orders when the Gold Braid, in exasperation, ordered the driver to proceed.

The guard stationed himself in front of the slowly-moving vehicle and said, "I'm sorry, Sir. I'm new at this. Whom do I shoot - you or the driver?"

**

The GI was in a sad mood as he returned from his date with the second-hand dealer's daughter...It seems she didn't allow much on the old sofa.

Definition of a wife: A woman who sticks with her husband through all the trouble she would not have had if he hadn't married her in the first place.

Johnny hopes to make the news -
He wants to fill his father's shoes.
Mary hopes to do much better -
She wants to fill her mother's sweater.

**

Love: Why, girlie, the sailors run after my kisses.
Ac: Listen, dearie, after mine they limp.

Husband: Sorry, dear, I won't be home from the office 'til late. I have a form I must work over."

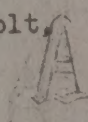
So he sez to her: "Please, angel, don't be difficult. One obstacle course a week is enough for me."

Sultan: Bring me a girl
Servant: Very good, sir.
Sultan: Not necessarily.

GI Nursery Rhyme

Hi diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
He called his sarge a goon.
The MP's laughed to see such sport -
Court martial: Tomorrow noon.

Electrician: Have you any four-volt,
two-watt bulbs?
Clerks: For what?
Electrician: No, two.
Clerk: Two what?
Electrician: Yes.

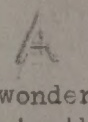


Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who's never turned his said and said:
"Not bad!"

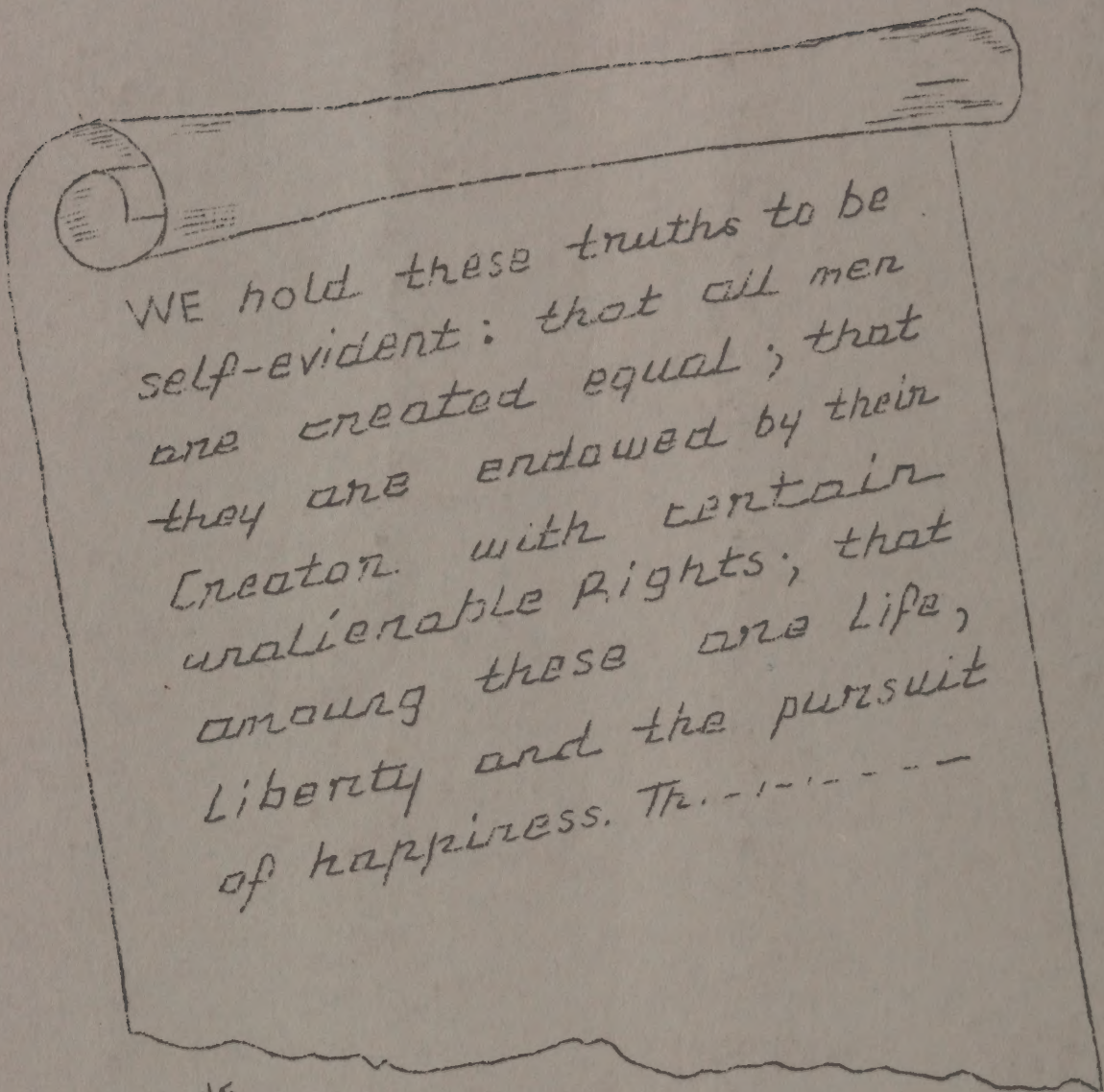
A Jap admiral reported to the son of heaven:
"We blasted Pearl Harbor, mission not so successful. We blasted Wake Island, success not so good. We blasted Midway, no good. We blasted Attu and Bataan, no good. We just a bunch of no good blasters."

(At the movies) "You know, it's wonderful how the movies have advanced in the past few years."

"Yes, first there were silent pictures, then talkies, and now this one smells."



She: It seems silly, instructing soldiers in the use of arms. I've never met one who needed instructions.



WE hold these truths to be
self-evident: that all men
are created equal; that
they are endowed by their
Creator with certain
unalienable Rights; that
among these are Life,
Liberty and the pursuit
of happiness. Th.....

EHR